That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword despaire and die.
To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth praie for thee.

Enter the Goast of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyrrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy giltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting, despaire, desparing yeeld thy breath,
To Rich. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmons side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

King Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame,
O Coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is now dead midnight,
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare? my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I and I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason whie?
Least *I* reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke *I* loue my selfe, wherefore? for anie good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deedes committed by my selfe,
I am a villaine, yet *I* lie *I* am not,
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a seueral tale,
And euerie tale condemns me for a villaine,

Periurie

Periurie, periurie, in the high
Murther, sterne murther, in
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in
Throng to the barre, crying
I shall dispaire, there is no
And if I die, no soule will pit
And wherefore should they
Finde in my selfe, no pitie to
Me thought the soules of all
Came to my tent, and euery
To morrows vengeance on

Enter

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zoundes, who is
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord,
Hath twise done salutation
Your friendes are vp, and bu
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue
What thinkst thou, will our
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare
Rat. Nay good my Lord
King By the Apostle Pa
Haue stroke more terror to
Then can the substance of
Armed in proofe, and led by
Tis not yet neere day, come,
Vnder our tents Ile plaie the
To see if any meane to shrink

Enter the Lord

Lo. Good morrow Rich
Rich. Crie mercie Lordes
That you haue tane a tardie
Lo. How haue you slept
Rich. The sweetest sleepe,
That euer entred in a drowsie
Haue I since your depature ha

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